EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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SCHOOL-DAYS.

Do you not sometimes wonder, dear children, that older people call the days when they went to school the happiest days of their lives? You do not always think that *your* school-days are very happy days. There are all the lessons you have to learn and recite, and the examinations to get ready for. Then you have to stay indoors and keep to your books when you would so much rather be out in the open air, as free to roam and play as the birds and the squirrels. But for all this, I think those persons are right who say that their school-days were the happiest days they have known. For happiness does n't mean having fun all the time, and doing just what we like to do. People, whether young or old, are often far happier when they are doing some good or useful work than when they have nothing to do, or are free to go and have a good time. That was a true saying in one of the New Year's verses which you read in the last number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, which spoke of

> Another year of *happy work*,
> That better is than play.

Those who are happy only when they are at play, or when they are having fun, will have a good many unhappy hours. For we must all work; and in our school-days studying is our work, just as in after life our work consists in trading, or building houses, or writing books. He is the happy schoolboy or schoolgirl who loves the work of the school and does it with a willing mind. The "fun" of school-life is all the better fun when it comes in after a day of happy work. The "good time" is all the more of a good time when one has earned it by doing his work well. Play when you play, and work when you work, is a good motto for young and old. This I think must be the meaning of the Bible injunction, — Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

So what I want to say in this little sermon to children is all summed up in these words: Put your whole heart into the work of your school-life, and then you will enjoy all the fun that comes after work; and as you grow up and have troubles and cares that you are free from now, you too will look back and say, "Men and women may get something out of life that is better even than happiness; but a happy schoolboy is one of the happiest creatures that the sun shines upon."

GOING TO SCHOOL.

A BRIGHT ANSWER.

A LITTLE child was beseeching her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at a distance. To get rid of her he said: "It costs ten dollars every time we go to see grandma, Florence, and ten dollars don't grow on every bush."

"Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl, promptly; and her logic was conclusive. They went.

THE secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

I WISH that all children who have not yet read the delightful book written by Charles and Mary Lamb, — "Tales from Shakspeare," — might have the great pleasure of reading the stories which have charmed so many young readers, and which older persons too have found delight and profit in reading.

Perhaps the story of Romeo and Juliet will interest you as much as any other in the book. When you read it, you will understand the fine picture on page 77, in which we see Juliet in the room of Friar Laurence. The hatred that had so long existed between the families of Romeo and Juliet, compelled the two lovers to be married secretly by the good and friendly Friar. Then when Romeo, who had slain one of the Capulets in an unfortunate quarrel, was banished from his newly wedded wife, Juliet's father, who did not know of her marriage to Romeo, told her that she must wed the Count Paris. In her distress, Juliet went to see Friar Laurence, who to save the young bride from the fate which threatened her resorted to a strange device. He bade Juliet drink the magical contents of a phial, which would make her appear cold and lifeless for nearly two days, at the end of which time she would awake from the sleep, and be herself again. By this stratagem the Friar hoped to bring Romeo and Juliet together again in a tomb where he knew Juliet would be laid. But this was not so to be; and the sadly beautiful story ends by showing us Romeo dead in the tomb where he had killed himself because he supposed Juliet to be already dead, and Juliet lying near him slain by her own hand because of her terrible grief at her loving husband's death.

When you read, or see on the stage, this great tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, you will be made to feel how cruel was the fate that brought these lovers to such an untimely end, and how wicked was the hate and enmity between the families of the Capulets and the Montagues, which indirectly led to all the calamities that the play describes. In more ways than one, he who hates his brother man is as bad as a murderer, even if he does not cause an actual murder.

THE LAW CLUB.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

UST think of having the Ten Commandments for Sunday-school lessons! They are longer than the Beatitudes, and not half so pretty; and then they call them 'Golden Texts' to make us like them. Why can't they put on the names that belong to things, — just the way they give medicine, with ale on top of it and ale underneath it?" So said Susie in an excited manner.

"That shows you are not Temperance," shouted Bob.

"Tee-totallism isn't a Ten Commandment," answered Susie.

"Yes it is; it comes into the second Commandment, and it is as true as the gospel, where it tells about visiting the iniquity of the fathers on the children. What does that mean, but just because Uncle Joe liked wine his boys took to liquor; and now we have to give them our clothes before they are worn out, and our scarf-pins into the bargain? It is always so. If a father does wrong, his children — and what's more, his nephews and nieces — have to suffer for it;" and Bob strode up and down the room with an air of indignation.

"To tell the truth," said Susie, "the Commandments are just like the 'Nonsense Book;' they fit into all we do, and that's my objection to learning them. To have a conscience and Commandments too, why, I can't have any fun!"

"You might try the Commandments on others," replied her brother, "and keep the conscience for your own use, if you can separate them. There are ever so many mixed societies and co-education schemes; and we could form a Mutual Benefit Club, and — "

"Oh, let's try it," interrupted Susie, "and call it the Law Club, and then people won't be afraid of it; they'll think it is legal, and means a way of getting out of scrapes."

"Done!" declared Bob; "we'll get the boys and girls, and begin to-morrow. Let's make it very select; have no bad ones, only good moral children, — the trying kind."

"Well," said Susie, "there are you and I and Lucy, — that's three; and Mollie, she needs to be improved about Sundays; and Paul, he's such a funny combination of slang and unselfishness; that's enough to begin with. If it works well, we can take in more by-and-by. You ask Paul, I'll tell the girls, and we will all meet at the old elm to-morrow. That's fixed, so there's no use in any more talk. Besides, I have an engagement now, and must be off."

The children separated; but at four o'clock the next day they met the others, as had been planned. It was more difficult to announce the reason of their assembling than either Susie or Bob had imagined. She wished to make personal remarks, and tell the others how much they needed improvement. Bob preferred to be diplomatic. The result was a general confusion of words and ideas, until at last Lucy guessed that they were to form a club, — a Law Club, she heard Bob say in a whisper; and she objected, as girls ought not to be lawyers until they had been first to the Nursing School. Whereupon Paul expressed his opinion against girls as nurses, if they were going to take care of him, and said he wanted to join a civil-service club.

"That's just what this is," asserted Bob. "We call it a Law Club, because we have got to combine caucuses and goodness by practising the Ten Commandments. We are going to improve the world in the end, but ourselves first."

"Nonsense!" declared Paul; "I'm not going to have any more to do with those Commandments than with giving both cheeks when a boy punches me."

"Oh, let's try it just for a week," pleaded Susie; and gradually she won the consent of all, provided that no one had to keep the whole ten at once.

"Let us divide them," said Paul, "and take two apiece. There are five of us. We can number ten slips of paper, and then draw them with our eyes shut, and keep what we get; no swapping."

All agreed, and various were the groans as each saw what had fallen to his lot. But after further debate they concluded to meet a week hence at the same spot and relate their experiences.

. . . . . .

Just seven days from this afternoon a little group of women met at the church sewing-circle. One of them, who was usually dowdy in appearance, came with her hair dressed high and her lace fichu tied in a fluffy bow, instead of being spread out over her shoulders. Two ladies, who always worried the others by talking about the depravity of children, spoke of the past week as an exceptional one in family history, since there had been little mending to do, fewer reproofs to give for the use of slang, less baking of pies and cookies to be accomplished, and Sunday had been a quieter day than they had known for weeks. They did not understand what it meant. It seemed as if a conversion were going on; but as long as it lasted, it gave them plenty of time to come to the sewing-circle.

So they talked; and little did they guess that while they were thus discussing their boys and girls, some of these very sons and daughters had gathered round the elm, and were trying to induce one of their number to begin the confession or narration of his or her adventures. Again had the children recourse to lots. The one who drew the longest bit of paper must speak first. The choice fell to Bob. He put his hands in his pockets, grew red in the face, seemed abashed, put on a bravado manner, and at last began, growing quiet and earnest as he spoke.

"Well, I had a hard and an easy one, — first and tenth. Coveting, you know, is n't much in my line, except that I'd like to be rich, like — I mean, to be rich in the abstract; but I came to the conclusion that if I obeyed the first law I need n't be particular about the other, so I turned all my attention to that. As I did n't suppose wooden idols was what was meant nowadays, and as they say I like my own way better than anything else and don't want anything to come before it, I thought I'd try and give it up and mind other people right along. It was awful lonesome at first, but I like it now. It's a big idea; can't fight against the universe and law, you know," and Bob turned on his heels with a serio-comic expression, and called for Lucy, who had the second slip in length.

"I had the fifth and ninth Commandments," she said. "I don't want to tell, but I suppose I've got to, so you can understand. You see, I have wished ever so often that my mother looked like other girls' mammas. Yes, I know I ought n't to have felt like that, when it was all because she worked so hard for us children that she had n't time to look stylish. I knew I loved her dearly and minded her pretty well, so I thought I'd try and fix her up; and it was ever so nice to do it, not a bit hard. She liked it, too. Then she looked so young that papa noticed it; and now I'm going to keep her up to it all the time, make her puff her hair, fasten her fichu real stylish, and — well, that was my way of honoring. But, oh, the ninth law, that was tremendously hard. It would neither let me say a mean thing about anybody, nor keep silent as if I knew something if I only chose to tell, nor could I even look suspicious. It was awful; and I only succeeded fairly well with all my trying."

"Oh, I pitied you," exclaimed Susie, "when I saw what you had. I just had the sixth; that was n't very bad, because it is n't natural for me to get very angry, as if I wanted to murder any one. I am too lazy to get excited even, so that saves me ever so much trouble. But the second Commandment, that went against all my idols. You know I always just worshipped Miss Van Eyck, and that handsome singer Mr. Vert, he is just splendid; but I could see how bad it was for my little sister to hear me talk in this way, just as girls do when they are as old as I am. You see it was 'visiting iniquity' upon her; for I think those words mean making other people do wrong or have a hard time because of my fault, just as Bob said about children having to suffer if their parents get drunk. I should not like to hear Maggie — that's my sister — just rave about people, especially about Mr. Vert, as I do. Then I really and truly think that caring for Miss Van Eyck and the tenor the way I did did n't help me to care for the other kind of goodness; so I've been trying to like some good, pokey people, and they are a great deal nicer than I had imagined. Now, I want to know what Paul had."

"Oh, mine," began Paul, "were the seventh and third. As for the first, I've always dreamt of being a modern Sir Galahad, a real knight-errant, and I mean to be. As for the third, why of course I don't swear, so I just had to give up using slang. It would have been ever so much easier to obey a law against buying new styles in cravats than to give up slang. I'm getting on, though, first rate; at least, I always notice it now when other people talk it. You can't expect a fellow to come it over himself in a jiffy who — "

But there went up such a shout from the children that Paul stopped, and in the most innocent manner asked if he had used any slang. "Never mind," he concluded, "go ahead. It is your turn."

"I'm the last, am I?" asked Mollie. "I have n't much to say, only I came to the conclusion that I had done a good deal more stealing than seemed likely at first, — such as wearing my sister's hair-ribbons when she was away, and eating more cookies than there was any sense in doing when mother had to make them all, and taking other people's time to do little jobs for me when I could have done them myself; so I've tried to get on independently. About the Sunday, that was my other commandment: well, I did n't play tennis, though our court is where no one can see it; and I went to church, and walked back with an old lady so as not to let the boys join me; and I did n't go to ride with the girls in the afternoon, but I stayed at home and read in the Bible and in 'Wide Awake;' and I had a very nice family day, and felt real rested the next morning."

"'All 's well that ends well,'" observed Bob, with mock pomposity. "The worst of it, or the best of it, is that we've got so many modern in-

stances into these old laws that we must keep them, though it is personally inconvenient. It 's a queer discovery. I guess Moses knew what he was about. What shall we do ? "

" Let 's try it again," said Susie, " and for a longer time. We might mount guard for two weeks, and then meet here again ; but let us send postals, so we sha' n't forget."

This decision was quickly accepted with jokes and real earnestness, and then all ran off for their various games, apparently forgetful that they had in turn placed themselves in a confessional, and were now on honor again.

CHINESE TEMPLES. MODE OF WORSHIP.

BY M. E. P.

HE exterior of these temples, or Joss Houses, is not elaborate, the expense being put mainly into the interior. It is said that the Chinese spend more money on their temples, in proportion to their means, than Americans do on their churches. However that may be, the decoration consists largely of cheap tinsel, everything has a dingy and smoky look, and the whole atmosphere is laden with the disagreeable fumes of opium, the smell of oil-lamps and burning tallow-candles, mingled with the pleasant odor of the sandal-wood sticks which they burn.

Near the entrances, and on the walls of every Joss House, are red placards upon which are recorded gifts presented for the temple ; and sometimes incense is burned before the names of the donors, while the priest bestows his blessing upon them.

Tablets, with mottoes inscribed, are suspended from the ceilings and inserted perpendicularly in the walls.

Some temples are devoted to the worship of one god alone ; others to that of many gods.

These gods are always enthroned in an alcove. Their faces are utterly devoid of character, and, being hideously daubed with paint, are repulsive to the sight. Before each are always placed a burning lamp and libations of tea. Roast chicken or pig, cakes and fruits, are the usual offerings ; the gods consuming the immaterial parts, while the coarser food is left to the offerers of the viands, who afterward take them home.

There is usually an oven for burning mock-money, mock-clothing, or any representation, the gods receiving the reality through the power of fire. In every temple is a bell, often curiously ornamented with the dragon ; also a drum to use when the god is " asleep," or " on a journey."

There are large urns or brass vessels of shapes supposed to be pleasing to the gods, in which to burn the sandal-wood tapers, or incense. Peacock feathers and the dragon — tokens of honor — are used wherever it is possible. Artificial flowers form a part of the decoration, and are renewed as often as once a year.

As the Chinese have no fixed time for worship, — except on feast or festal days, as when a god has a birthday, — the greatest irreverence and confusion prevail ; some being at their devotions while the rest are standing near talking loud and fast, each regardless of the other.

On festal days they have processions. Large paper images of the gods are made and carried through the streets. Beautiful hand-wrought banners of silk are held before them or over their heads, and spears are carried to protect them.

The mode of worship is peculiar. On entering a Joss House the worshippers make the *kow-tow*, — strike the floor with their head three times.

The *ka-pue* — " divining sticks " — are used for consulting the gods ; also bamboo slips.

The *ka-pue* are narrow pieces of wood about eight inches long, and shaped like half of a split bean. The worshippers take one in either hand, and while bowing, let them fall to the ground. If both flat surfaces fall downward, it signifies " ill-luck ; " if both round surfaces are down, " indifference ; " but if one rounded and one flat surface rest on the floor, then the favor of the god is assured. The same method of consulting the deity is sometimes tried with a bunch of incense-sticks. If this is unsuccessful at the first trial, it can be repeated several times.

The bamboo slips are kept in canisters of tin or bamboo about a foot high, and small in circumference. These are in charge of the priest, for which he expects a fee. Each slip has a number corresponding to that on a slip of paper which contains the answer or directions. The worshipper then bows three times, kneels, shakes the slips till one falls, and his lot is cast. This operation must be repeated until a favorable answer is had. If the god does not understand the case, he must be made acquainted with it by burning paper on which is the desired information. Offerings of food and money are sometimes necessary to make him more gracious.

There is the War-Tah, or God of Medicine, who is consulted for diseases ; Tsoi Pak Shing Kwum, the God of Wealth, and patron deity of the merchants and many others ; but the most popular of all the gods is Kwan Tai. He was a distinguished officer of the war, and his image is worshipped for success in contests of nearly every sort. He is always represented with a red face and long black beard, and images of him are often seen in houses and stores.

The most common kind of worship among the Chinese is the ancestral worship. Each family has its ancestral tablet. These tablets are a foot or more long, and two or three inches wide, usually in three pieces of wood, and are often costly, although there are cheap ones. One tablet honors but one person, and is worshipped for about five generations. Many stories are told as to the origin of the tablets, but it is still a mystery.

A national observance is the ancestral worship of the dead at their tombs. This takes place in April. Great sacrifices are made of meats, vegetables, and fruits ; mock-money and mock-clothing are consumed, and fire-crackers are a very prominent feature of the ceremony ; while all in turn kneel and bow at the grave.

The Chinese have so many gods they think they have an advantage over us in this matter of religion. " Chinaman religion heap better Mellican man's. You go church Sunday little while, you come home, and allee week you do heap muchee bad things. Chinaman he got gods at home, see him allee time. Chinaman must be always good."

Can any of my young readers tell why our Christian religion is better than this idol-worship of the Chinese ? Do you remember what *tests* of the worth of a man's religion Jesus has given to the world ?

It 's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

History and Biography.

THE LITTLE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

BY LORAINE P. BUCKLIN.

He was the son of that " good Queen Anne " we have all heard so much about. Had he not been born a nobleman and so provided with attendants and companions, I fear he would have led rather a lonely life ; for of all his mother's seventeen children, he was the only one who lived beyond infancy. He was born in the reign of William and Mary, and as the probable heir to the English throne he was treated with the highest possible consideration. But he was a frail, sickly child, and suffered from a brain disease not understood at that period. Until he was four years old he could not walk unless supported by two attendants.

When the Duke had reached the age of five he was taken by his mother to spend the summer at Twickenham, in the home of an old lady named Davies, aunt to one of his tutors. The Duke took a great fancy to this old lady, and she taught him in the long summer afternoons to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed, besides a few simple prayers for morning and evening. It had always been the custom for one of his tutors to read prayers every day while the Duke was being dressed ; but he had never paid the slightest attention to them, as he did not understand them. After this summer spent with the dear old lady at Twickenham, he never failed to say the prayers she had taught him.

The Duke's childish liking for drums and cannon was encouraged, with the hope of making him, as he grew to be a man, fond of military affairs ; and a regiment of boys about his own age was given him to drill and command. With this regiment he used to play at war in the halls of Kensington Palace ; and if in the fight he sometimes had a hard knock, he bore it with courage and patience.

Before the little Duke was six years old, he had a suit of white camlet made for him, with silver buttons and loops of silver thread. Underneath the waistcoat he wore stiff stays, which hurt him when he played at fighting with his soldiers. He decided that the tailor who made them must be punished, and sent for him to appear at the palace. As soon as the tailor entered the room the Duke gave the order for the soldiers to seize him and make him sit on a large wooden horse, which served as a means of punishment for any one of the regiment who disobeyed orders. The poor tailor found himself surrounded in a moment by the boys, who pushed and pulled him about and used their wooden pikes with more energy than mercy, until he cried for mercy, when he was rescued by some of the Duke's attendants, and allowed to leave the palace on promising to alter the stays so that they should be comfortable.

This young Duke often showed a sense of humor in the answers he made to questions from older persons. Once, after his mother had forbidden any of the Duke's attendants to fence with him for fear he might be hurt, she saw him exercising himself in the different attitudes required when fencing.

" I thought I had forbidden your people to fence with you," said she.

" Oh, yes," said the Duke ; " but I hope you will let them defend themselves when I attack them."

The eleventh birthday of the Duke was celebrated with great splendor at Windsor Castle. His boy regiment was reviewed by him with martial pomp and display, cannons were fired, and a banquet and ball in the evening ended the day's festivities. Five days afterwards the young Duke died of scarlet fever, being attacked by this mortal illness the morning after the feast. His mother watched by his bedside without rest or food, and mourned his death with sincerity all her life. At her coronation, two years later, his loss threw a shadow over all the pomp that surrounded her.

Our Letter-Box.

THE EDITOR is very much pleased with Master McMurdie's letter, part of which is given below. The answers to puzzles sent with it were all correct, and the references to the Gospels as well. Here are a few more references for him to look at: —

Matthew iii. 16.	Mark i. 10.
Matthew viii. 20.	Mark xi. 15.
Matthew x. 16, 29, 31.	Luke ii. 24.
Matthew xxi. 12.	Luke ix. 58.
Luke iii. 22.	John i. 32.

Will not other readers of Our Letter-Box look up both sets of references, just to see how often the dear little feathery creatures are mentioned in those four short books? They seem to be fluttering all the way through.

AUGUSTA, ME., Dec. 12, 1886.

EDITOR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY: —

I have tried to look up the birds mentioned in the Gospels. In some places they are mentioned as "fowls of the air;" some are ravens, some sparrows, and some doves. The following are where I find them: —

Matthew vi. 26.	Mark iv. 4, 32.
Matthew xiii. 4, 32.	Luke viii. 5.
Luke xii. 6, 7, 24.	John ii. 14, 16.

I also send answers to Enigmas IV., V., VI., and VII. My little brother Hal, nine years old, guessed the anagram in No. 6. I have three little brothers, and we all enjoy reading EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. We were much pleased to have mamma play and sing the song in No. 6. After we have read the paper through, we forward it to little cousins away out West, in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Very truly yours,

GEORGIE E. MCMURDIE, aged 12.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Ohep si a dogo kreafbsat ubt a adb pespur.
2. Arneg sebgin ihwt oyfll nda nsed hitw tenpacrene.
3. A atulf locceadn si a tflau dbdueol.

JOSIE B. TOZER.

ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 14, 15, 5, is a certain period of the year.

My 8, 3, 10, is a pronoun.

My 11, 6, 12, 7, 8, is a point of the compass.

My 1, 13, 14, is the last of anything.

My 9, 2, 3, the Bible calls "the mother of all living."

My 16, 9, 15, 4, is what all the months together make.

My whole makes something that every girl and boy ought to have. H. W. R.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 2, 24, 15, 7, is a Territory of the United States.

My 16, 1, 20, 24, 19, 21, 15, is also a Territory.

My 16, 15, 14, 21, 8, is a New England State.

My 18, 22, 1, 3, 18, 14, 15, is a Southern State.

My 21, 1, 9, 6, 7, 17, 5, 3, 1, 12, 11, 20, 19, is also a Southern State.

My 15, 6, 12, 5, 20, 24, 14, 17, is the ocean which touches the last three States.

My 16, 14, 17, 7, 11, 18, 19, 20, is a State bordering several of the great lakes.

My 14, 1, 10, 15, is a Western State.

My 1, 3, 8, 18, 1, 20, is a State on the Pacific slope.

My 17, 15, 13, 11, 4, 1, 3, 21, 11, 5, is a Pacific State.

My whole is the title and author of one of the sweetest hymns in the "Sunny Side." H.

WESTFORD, MASS.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLES.

I.

1. A consonant.
2. A number.
3. One of the twelve disciples.
4. Something that disciple used when working at his business.
5. A letter.

II.

1. A letter not found originally in the Latin alphabet.
2. One of the sons of Noah.
3. One of the twelve disciples.
4. What those twelve disciples were.
5. A consonant.

III.

1. A letter.
2. An animal once worshipped by the Egyptians.
3. One of the sons of Isaac and Rebekah.
4. A toy much used in the Spring.
5. A consonant.

IV.

1. A consonant.
2. Something which from the hand of Moses is said to have become a serpent, and in the hand of Aaron to have blossomed.
3. A man who was an unwilling prophet.
4. The northernmost city of ancient Palestine.
5. A letter.

For Youngest Readers.

THE DAWDLER.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

FRANKY was a dawdler, — always stopping to play or to watch what was going on around him, instead of doing his own work quickly. He was often late to school, late to breakfast, and could n't even return home promptly when sent on an errand. He lost many pleasures and many nice rides, because he was so dilatory that Papa could not wait for him. Mamma tried many ways to correct him of his fault, often telling him that he would have some sad lesson, or give some one he loved much unhappiness, if he did not learn to be prompt.

One morning Franky was dawdling over his dressing. He put one stocking on, and then jumped up to look out of the window and watch the milk-boy hurrying from house to house. This reminded him that he was dawdling, and he put on the other stocking very quickly Then he forgot again, and sat looking at his shoe.

Soon he imagined he was a circus boy, and tried to keel somersaults backwards. Then followed much jumping on and off his bed. Finally he noticed a marble on the floor, and picking it up, used it as a ball for some time.

By this time he heard sounds downstairs as if breakfast were almost ready, and was reminded to put his toes into one shoe. Looking up, he saw himself in the glass, and at once all dressing ceased, while he made up faces at himself, and then talked and shouted to the boy who repeated his motions but made no sound. With the marble in his hand, he made threatening movements towards the boy in the glass, aiming first at one eye, then at the other, and then at the little turned-up nose. All at once he seemed to hear Mamma say, —

"Franky, never aim anything at mirrors or at any one. It might slip from your hand when you least expect it."

"How silly Mamma is to think I would let it fly!" said Franky to the boy in the glass, who looked as if he thought so too. "I am going to hit your nose now."

The little arm swung once more, the marble slipped, and, crack! — there was a great long scratch the whole length of the mirror, with a little dark spot where the marble had struck.

Poor Franky! how frightened he was! He stepped forward and rubbed his hand over the glass. No, it would n't rub out. There it was, — a long crack. He thought of what Mamma had said, and believed now that things *could* slip from his hand when he did not mean they should. He was sorry, very sorry. He knew that Mamma valued that mirrror and would be very unhappy at its being broken. She had often begged him to be careful and not break it. How he dreaded to tell her!

"It is all because I was dawdling," he thought to himself; and he finished his dressing very quickly.

Perhaps he intended to tell Mamma at once; but of course he was late this morning to breakfast, and he must hurry to school. Days went on, and he kept the secret to himself. Most of the time he forgot it; and when he did think of it he was not manly and brave enough to tell. He wondered Mamma did not notice that the glass was broken.

One day as he came from school she took him by the hand, and leading him upstairs, pointed to the glass and said, "How did you do that, Franky?"

Then he told the whole story; and Mamma listened with such a sad face that it made him cry. She told him why she valued the glass. Her mamma had given it to her when she was a very little girl. But badly as she felt about having it broken, she felt far worse that her little boy had not been brave enough to tell her, and that he did not try hard to correct his fault. She left the glass for him to use, and hoped it would be a reminder of his fault, and that he would never dawdle again.

It was indeed a sad lesson to Franky. But bad habits cannot be cured in one day. We all have to fight against them; and we hope Franky is fighting now, and will soon win a noble victory.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE TRIALS OF A SPIDER.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

EAR me, such a time as I've had of it trying to live and move and have a being!

I was finally forced to believe that boys were the worst creatures in existence, and girls not much better. I'm sure I had much rather be what one girl called "a detestable little spider," than to be such a child as she was, perfectly willing to torture and kill a creature which had never done her any harm.

When I was still quite a baby, my mother went out one day promising to find me some food, but as she never came back, I suppose she met a boy; and if so, that would be quite enough for me to know. It was very hard being left motherless when so very young, but I know there must be an entirely different Being from boys, who looks after the safety of even "a detestable little spider," for in one way and another I managed to find food and now I am a full-grown spider.

But as I remarked before, it has been a great piece of work to keep alive, surrounded as I have constantly been by cruel enemies. My legs being long and nimble have enabled me to run away from danger pretty fast, otherwise I never should have lived to tell my trying story. But as I seemed to run away from one danger only to run into another, I found it, as I have said, pretty hard work to keep alive.

My first home was in a fine large barn where I spun a beautiful web. There is not a man, woman, or child living who could go to work and build so delicate, intricate, or symmetrical a house as the one I soon prepared for myself.

But some One taught me how to make my dainty dwelling, though as I am only a poor untaught little spider I am not able to understand who it can be; but I wish I could, it would give me so much pleasure to thank the One who has been so kind to me in many ways.

Hanging as I do from my little thread-like nets, I see a great many things which human beings never would imagine I would notice; but my little eyes are sharp and keen, and some things I see seem very queer and unaccountable, considering what I am blamed and condemned for doing.

My favorite article of meat, and indeed about the only thing I ever eat in the way of meat, is a fly. Now, the same Power which taught me to weave my transparent house has also taught me how to catch flies, and occasionally a bug or two. But boys and girls pretend to think it very sly and cruel for me to procure this necessary food in the way I do; and once a grown up boy wrote some poetry about it something like this: —

"Will you walk into my parlor said the spider to the fly?
. . . . . .
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I've many pretty things to show you when you're there."

And he went on and actually made it out that I coaxed and wheedled the poor little innocent flies "up my winding stair," promising to show them all sorts of beautiful things, — a thing I never did in my life, never!

But what to my simple mind seems the strangest thing in connection with all this talk about my cruelty, is that I continually see boys marching gayly off with poles and wicked-looking little hooks, and lots of poor little wriggling worms they 've taken from their warm beds in the earth; and when they come back they usually have a string of poor little fishes they are actually *going to eat!*

Then I 've watched these same boys, and their sisters also, set traps, into which run merry squirrels and rabbits; then they grow jubliant over an expected rabbit stew!

And every little while John, the hired man, catches a chicken or two which he carries up to the house; and I notice that those chickens never return to the barn-yard, but I hear the boys and girls laughing and chattering about "drumsticks" and "wish-bones," and I fancy I know what it all means.

Yet when my cosey little web is discovered, there begins a race for my very life, and they cry out, "Oh, let 's kill this horrid spider, so it can't eat any more poor little flies!" And when at last I creep wearily back towards my home, there is never a trace of it left.

But once I thought I was going to be revenged; and so I might have been, only for some Influence I still fail to understand.

One of the boys who had tormented me most persistently, had been saving eggs which he was to have the money for when sold. Well, one afternoon he brought several fresh ones and put with the rest; then he threw himself on the soft hay and fell asleep. Pretty soon, there came a bad, thieving boy creeping towards the nice pile of eggs.

For a moment I was very glad that something trying was going to happen to the boy who had often been very cruel to me, and several times had tried to take my life. But just then a mysterious feeling stole over me, and it seemed as if some Influence all at once showed me how noble it would be to forgive and help that boy, instead of lying quietly in my comfortable little net, and allowing him to be robbed.

So with that better thought off I scrambled and ran across the sleeping boy's face, and awoke him just in time to see the bad boy taking up some of the eggs. There was a great rushing about for a moment, and then the bad boy tumbled down the ladder stairs which led to the hay-loft, but he scrambled up again to his feet and ran off fast enough.

Then something took place which has at last made me a truly grateful and happy spider, although I still have one great regret. After the bad boy had been chased away, the other boy came back and counted his eggs, which were all there; then he looked right over at me. I trembled like a leaf, as you may readily imagine; but what was my relief to hear him say, —

"Well, you 're a nice little spider to wake me up, and save my eggs for me. I saw you plain as day, and I won't try to hurt you again, nor let any one else either."

Then he added more softly, — "I suppose after all it was God who woke me up, and I ought to be kind to all his creatures."

So you see I rejoice that the boy is as good as his word, for no one troubles me at present; but what I regret is, that being only a poor, untaught little spider, I can really know almost nothing of the Being the boy called "God," although it is a joy to feel that I, too, am one of His creatures.

THERE would be no ill language, if it were not for ill taken.

HE who does not truly speak the truth is a betrayer of truth.

THE KITTEN THAT WAS AFRAID TO JUMP DOWN FROM THE TREE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. F. D. CLARKE.

COME here, my darling, jump right up into my lap, cuddle down snugly, and we will have such a nice time, while I tell you a story, a real true story, about a maltese kitten.

Hark! how the wind blows! how large the snowflakes are! and how they whirl about, as if racing with one another, each one trying to get to the ground first!

Are you not glad that we have a comfortable house to stay in, such a stormy day, with a nice warm fire to sit by? It makes me think of a poor little pussy I saw last winter, one very cold rainy day in February.

When I was dressing in the morning I thought I heard a kitten crying pitifully out of doors, but Molly said it could not be, for no sensible cat would go out in such a storm, and so early in the morning. But when I went down to breakfast I declared that I still heard the wail of a kitten; I went to the windows one after another, but saw only the gray sky and the trees all covered with ice, their branches blown about by the wind, making a loud cracking noise as if they didn't like their icy covering, and were trying to shake it off.

Molly thought I must have dreamed of kittens during the night, and had their cries still ringing in my ears; and she begged me to eat my breakfast, and not worry about them any more.

This I was doing, when suddenly I heard a long, loud mew. I rushed to the window, and espied on the top of the fence by the street a poor wet, disconsolate-looking maltese kitten. She seemed much excited, and looked most pathetically at every person who walked by. She would run along the top of the fence beside them, jump down to the ground, follow them on the sidewalk for a little way, rubbing herself against them as if to bespeak their sympathy or help, and then would return to the fence to repeat this with every new comer.

We could see that the people in the street were wondering, as we were, what pussy wanted of them, what she was trying to tell them in her kitten language; for she was doing everything but talk to them in human speech, and was trying hard to do that, I 've no doubt. The boys who were on their way to school would stop, pat, and speak to her; doubtless thinking it very queer she should stay there such a cold wet day, and so near the street too, — for cats, unlike dogs, are not wont to stay in so public a place; they like the wood-shed or the kitchen, avoiding the street.

Occasionally all through the morning I would look out to see if kitty had not left the fence; gone home to dry her coat by the fire, and eat her breakfast; but, no! there she would be, with tail erect, walking up and down on the fence, every once in a while giving one of her paws a shake, as if not liking the cold and wet. Was she lost? Was she asking some one to take her home and give her something to eat? What could be the matter with her?

By-and-by a policeman came along, and by his side kitty walked and mewed. He stopped and looked wonderingly at her, evidently trying to think what she could want, when something made him look up into the branches of a tree near the fence. This made me look there too, and what did I see but another kitten, crouched down very quietly towards the end of a branch overhanging the fence, as if afraid to turn and retrace her steps to a larger and safer part of the branch, or to

jump to the ground. Probably the cat on the fence had stayed there all night to keep her company, and had tried to ask the passers-by to help her friend down. Now I understood all that pantomime; and I hoped the policeman would help the kitten down: but, no, he merely looked up at her, and walked slowly away, possibly thinking she could get down if she wished to, not knowing as I did that she must have been there all the previous night.

Feeling sure that the kitten must be afraid to move on the branch, I determined to get her down; I knew Molly would soon be coming home from school, and together we would try to entice her from her uncomfortable position.

By-and-by Molly came, and seeing some boys on the sidewalk, — who had also discovered Miss Pussy, and were about to throw ice and snow at her, — she went out, and appealing to their sense of manliness, asked them who was to help her get the kitten down from the tree?

They all put down their books, shouting to one another, "Come on, we'll get her down!" Molly begged them not to frighten her, but to be as gentle as they could. They climbed on to the top of the fence, and by the help of a long pole brought from near by they got hold of the branch to which the kitten was clinging, half frightened to death, and shook it so hard that she was forced to let go her hold and drop to the ground.

Then you should have seen the other cat, who was watching the boys as if understanding what they were trying to do, spring to meet her! You should have seen them rub against each other, and heard them purr with delight before running off together across the lawn, towards the house, probably in search of some dinner, for they must have been very hungry, having eaten nothing for many hours!

Do you suppose the pussy on the fence was the mother of the pussy on the branch of the tree? If she was, I think that after they had eaten their dinner, washed their faces and their fur coats, and dried them by the fire, she must have had a long talk with her daughter, and told her she must practise jumping about on the small trees before venturing into such a big one. Perhaps she called her a little bit of a coward; but I think she was glad enough to get her down from the tree at any rate; and I have no doubt they will both be more careful about climbing trees in the future.

THE TRUANT CHILDREN.

Translated from the German by Miss E. C. Cobb.

Three little children were on the way to school one morning, when it suddenly came into their heads that study was very poor sport. So they came to a stand by the roadside to talk the matter over. "Why should we be shut up in a dull schoolroom this bright, beautiful morning? The animals are not obliged to study; they are free to wander about in the fresh air. Why should we not do the same? Let us go to the wood, and invite all the birds and beasts to play with us."

So they went into the green, shady forest, and there delivered their invitation to all the animals, great and small, to join them in a grand frolic. But the only reply they received was, "We are very sorry, but we have no time now for play."

The beetle hummed out, "That would be fine if I should loiter with you. I have a new bridge of grass to build; the old one is worn out."

The children passed a large ant-hill, where the swarms of little ants were too busily at work even to notice them. They ran quickly by a bee-hive, not caring to disturb the busy bees for fear they might sting them. A little ground-mouse spoke to them politely: "You see I am collecting my winter's store."

"And I," said the white dove, "am gathering dry twigs for my nest."

A young hare gave them a friendly nod, but said, "I cannot possibly go with you. You see my face is not clean. I must wash it in the brook."

And now a strawberry blossom spoke: "I must make use of this fine day to ripen my fruit which the poor beggar will be seeking for."

Then came strutting along a young chanticleer. The children cried, "You surely have nothing to do, and can stay with us a little while?"

"Pardon; I have guests, and must go to arrange a feast." So spoke the chanticleer with gravity, bowed stiffly and coldly, and passed on.

Then the children came to a beautiful brook, leaping and splashing in the bright sunshine. "Dear little brook, you will surely come and play with us."

But the little brook was quite astonished: "Just listen to these foolish children! I play with you? I do not know which way to turn myself. You think I have nothing to do? I cannot rest night or day. Men, cattle, gardens, forests, meadows, valleys, hills, and fields, — to all these I must give water. I have also to turn mills, cut boards, polish ore, spin wool, carry ships, put out fire, drive hammers, — I cannot begin to tell you all I have to do, for time fails me." So saying, the little brook, leaping from stone to stone, rushed off on its course to the sea.

Now the little children began to lose courage, when they espied a finch, who sat quietly on the branch of a tree, eating his evening meal and pouring forth a flood of song; and they cried out, "Ah, worthy sir, you who can sing such sweet songs, you have certainly plenty of time, and are ready for a game with us."

"Zounds! Do I hear aright? You children must be crazy! I have been hunting the whole day long after flies for my young ones. Now they must be sung to sleep, so I am singing to the little ones my song. I sing also to the forest, for though I am weary, I still have a cheerful heart and thankful spirit. I give glory to the Lord, and praise the work and labor he gives us to do. Now, tell me, children, what have you done, to think so ill of me? Go away, you idlers, and disturb us here no longer!"

Thus taught by all these busy workers, the children turn homewards, having learned the lesson that the pleasure of sport is the reward of industry alone.

Before the university boat race comes off, the men undergo a long and severe training. They would not think of contending for the mastery without preparation; and do we imagine that we can win the race of life at a venture, without bringing under the body and cultivating the mind? The preacher studies his discourse carefully, though it will occupy only part of an hour; and is our life-sermon worthy of no care and consideration? A saintly life is a work of far higher art than the most valuable painting or precious statue, yet neither of these can be produced without thought. A man must be at his best to produce an immortal poem, yet a few hundred lines will sum it all up. Let us not dream that the far greater poem of a holy life can be made to flow forth like impromptu verse.

THE THOUGHTS OF OUR HEARTS.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"Were you not very tired when you waked up this morning?" Clara Noyes said to her companion, Annie Guernsey, as they were slowly walking home from school together.

"Indeed I was! I just *hated* to get up! We had such a nice time at the party last night! though, as mamma says, the 'day after' is not so nice. And I shall be just as tired to-morrow."

"Oh, I shall not; for mamma says I must lie down and have a nap this afternoon; then it will be late before I go to sleep to-night! However, that will give me time for a good 'think,' so I'll not complain."

"Do you, too, like to think of all sorts of beautiful things? So do I; only yesterday I was thinking how, supposing I was as powerful as one of the genii in the Arabian Nights, I would punish that vain little Ida Burroughs; I would take the blue out of her eyes, and —" But here Annie's energetic, spiteful words were checked by a horrified exclamation from Clara, —

"O Annie! how can you be so unkind!"

"I am not unkind," replied Annie, in surprise, "I don't *do* anything to her; I only imagine what I — what the genie might do; that can't hurt her!"

"No, but it hurts you."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I don't think I can explain it as Aunt Lucy did to me; she said that every unkind thought which we cherish is just as much a sin of the mind, as stealing is a sin of mind and body; that if we permit our thoughts to be uncharitable or rebellious or sinful, they may sometime get so strong that we cannot control them; and the first thing we know we shall be tempted to *do* what we have thought. God made our minds, and our thoughts ought to serve Him. 'The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man,' you know the Psalm says. And our Saviour tells us that out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, and all dreadful things."

"I never thought of that! What *do* you think of?"

"Auntie gave me a good 'think,' — to think of what I would — or rather, what I might — do if I had plenty of money: how I could relieve the sick and the poor, how I could give an alms, or perform some kindness, all in the name of the Saviour, and never let any one but 'Our Father' know who did it; or how I could gather in some children to the Sunday-school.

"Then, too, she taught me a prayer she had heard: 'Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy Name; through Christ our Lord, Amen.'"

"I will try your plan, Clara; I am sure it will make me feel kinder towards people than even to imagine that any harm could ever come to them through me."

GOOD RULES.

1. Look at your mercies with both eyes; at your trials and troubles with only one. 2. Study contentment. 3. Keep at some work of usefulness. 4. Keep your heart's window always open towards heaven. Let the blessed light of God's countenance shine in.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Should a teacher visit the parents of her pupils?

The parents of Sunday-school pupils should visit the teachers of their children. When they neglect this simple duty, as they too often do, it is difficult for the teacher to know what to decide about seeking the aquaintance of her pupils' mothers. As a rule, teachers shrink from that which might seem like trying to push themselves into notice. There is room for a great deal of "applied Christianity" in the relations of parents to Sunday-school teachers. The initiative should be taken by the mothers; and it *would* be taken if *social duty* had not almost become a "lost art" in many of our parishes.

How can a superintendent get rid of poor teachers?

Another hard question. The whole responsibility ought not to be thrown upon the superintendent. Let the rule be established of having an annual appointment or reappointment of teachers, thus affording the superintendent the necessary opportunity for making such changes as he may think desirable.

Is it better to divide the scholars of the Infant Room into classes, or to make one general class of them?

First, don't say "Infant Room," or "Infant Classes." Speak of your "Primary Department." "Infants" should be left at home. Secondly, in answer to your question, — do both. Unite all the pupils of the primary department, where this is practicable, for general exercises, and then make class divisions for the lessons. We venture to refer our correspondent for further hints on this subject to Miss Mary Talbot (post-office address, Milton, Mass.), who has had unusual success in organizing and conducting a Sunday-school Primary Department.

Is the custom of uniting Sunday-school and congregation in a public religious service growing in favor in our Unitarian parishes?

In the absence of statistical returns it is not easy to answer this inquiry. In some of our parishes, where the importance of keeping church and Sunday-school closely and vitally related is understood, these union services are frequently held. In other parishes it is difficult to bring together the school and congregation even on the great festival days of the year. A poor makeshift is resorted to, and the congregation are invited to a special service in the Sunday-school room, to which only a very small fraction of the church-goers respond. The blame in such cases rests chiefly with the minister or the parish committee. Yet we believe that there is on the whole a growing recognition of the value of these union services. It is seen that they attach the children to the church, while they show the adult members of the congregation that worship in the Sunday-school is truly "*common prayer*" and united praise. Moreover, religious teaching addressed to the young, if it be not over *their* heads, will often be just up to the eyes of many older persons, who will thus get glimpses of truth before unnoticed. To be *as little children* sometimes is a good thing for the custom-hardened religious sensibilities. For many reasons therefore, union services of school and congregation are to be encouraged and multiplied.

Our Book Table.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

INTO UNKNOWN SEAS; or, The Cruise of Two Sailor Boys. By David Ker, author of "The Lost City," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 176. Price, $1.00.

This little book teaches an excellent lesson of caring for poor and ill-used children. There is variety enough in the book to please any boy, and a lively interest is kept up to the end of the story.

L. S.

MY BACK-YARD ZOO. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A. With 70 illustrations. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 224. Price, 90 cts.

When Mr. Wood was in this country, we had several times the pleasure of hearing his illustrated lectures on natural history. To an almost encyclopedic knowledge of this science he adds a marvellous power of interesting and instructing an audience. His books bear witness to the same abundant information and clear exposition. The "Back-Yard Zoo" is a familiar talk with young readers about such common creatures as dogs and cats, bats and birds, spiders and flies, and also about the wild relatives of these common creatures, such as lions, tigers, wolves, etc. Other chapters are devoted to the "feathery tribes." The book will be found to be very valuable in teaching young children important lessons in the delightful science of natural history.

HALF HOURS WITH A NATURALIST. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. With numerous illustrations. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 340. Price, $1.50.

This is a book for readers a little older than those for whom "My Back-Yard Zoo" was written. It treats of sponges, cuttle-fish, sea-urchins, jelly-fishes, and corals, as well as of the marvels of insect life which are seen in the history of bees, ants, spiders, etc. The descriptions are clear and interesting, the illustrations good, and the book is a most useful introduction to the study of the various creatures of which the author discourses. A more adequate treatment of some of these creatures, — for example, the jelly-fishes, — giving further details of structure and function, might seem desirable. But the young student can find the missing information in other works (Mrs. Agassiz's "Sea-side Studies" and similar books) Mr. Wood's purpose is obviously to make his reader's first acquaintance with these lowly creatures a pleasant acquaintance, that shall lead through wider reading and observation to deeper knowledge.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

VEXED QUESTIONS IN THEOLOGY. A SERIES OF ESSAYS. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street. pp. 250. Price, $1.00.

"Vexed questions in theology," within the scope of this volume, mean for the most part certain very practical matters which quite as closely touch conduct and character as belief or creed: such as, "The Sin against the Holy Ghost;" "Is Probation or Education the End of Life?" "The Scientific Basis of Prayer;" "The Meaning and Value of the Lord's Supper;" "Some reasons for believing in the future life," etc.

Dr. Clarke possesses in an eminent degree the high faculty of seeing clear and thinking straight, and of making his readers do the same. Like the sensible rector in one of George Eliot's early stories, he "has the wonderful art of preaching sermons (or writing essays) which the wheelwright and the blacksmith can understand, not because he talks condescending twaddle, but because he can call a spade a spade, and knows how to disencumber ideas of their wordy frippery."

To teachers of the older pupils in Sunday-schools who are in the habit of reading to their classes, the topics of this book are recommended as "just the thing," — timely, helpful, and thoroughly devout.

J. Y.

A NEW BOOK FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has just published the long-promised Manual for primary classes, prepared by Mrs. E. C. Wilson, the author of the two series of New Testament Parables. Her new book bears the title, "Every-Day Life, Illustrated by the Life of Jesus, with Pictures by the Masters, and Original Stories." There are six chapters, — each containing enough material for two lessons, — six pictures illustrating the chapter-subjects, and a new map of Palestine, with accompanying descriptive text. The topics treated are The Madonna and Child; The Nativity; Home; Childhood; Jerusalem and the Temple; and Jesus in the Temple. The illustrations are, The Sistine Madonna, by Raphael; The Nativity, by Le Rolle; Nazareth and Eastern House, from "The Land and the Book;" Eastern School, by Durand; The Boy Jesus Going up to Jerusalem, by Mengelberg; and Jesus Disputing with the Doctors, by Hoffman. As in her former books, so here, Mrs. Wilson adds to each chapter an original story. The map, which is remarkably good, is frequently referred to in the lessons; and, in short, both teacher and scholar are furnished with a rich supply of information, suggestion, and material for lesson-conversation. The author earnestly advises those who use her Manual to "make haste slowly." She also urges that the lessons be taught with direct reference to the pupil's every-day life. Inspiration to right living and the leaving of quickening impressions should be the teacher's aim, so that the pupil may really get hold of religion in the way that makes it a shaping force in the growth of noble character.

The price of the Manual is 15 cents for a single copy, and $1.75 per dozen. A second illustrated book continuing these studies is already in preparation, and will be issued in a few weeks.

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Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

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